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THE CHRONICLE.

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ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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THIS CHRISTMAS EVE AND LAST.

I.

Last Christmas Eve, three little socks
Were pinned against the wall,
Three little heads were tucked in bed
That could not rest at all;
And as the morning sun arose
And flooded floor and pane
Three pairs of feet went scampering out,
Then scampered back again;
But Santa Claus he caught them up
And kisses fell like rain.

II.

This Christmas Eve a little grave
Lies buried in the snow;
Two little socks instead of three
Are hanging in a row;
Sweet Christmas bells at morning light
Ring out a glad refrain;
But sorrow for that little one
I ne'er shall see again
Bids father clasp his other two
And tears they fall like rain.

I THINK OF THEE, BELOVED ONE!

I think of thee, beloved one!
Throughout the night and day;
And give thee all the worship which
[illegible]
And oft, at midnight's solemn hour,
In waking dreams I start,
To find thee, but a fancy flower,
Still idol of my heart.
And O, thou hast, beloved one!
Each thought and wish of mine,
O, say, have I, for a return,
One single thought of thine?

Life's joys, like summer birds may fly,
My cherish'd hopes depart;
Yet, there's one flower that dieth not—
Thy memory in my heart!
No dews can blighten its fair bloom
But unto it is given
The power to live and flourish here,
To be renewed in heaven.
Then, while my every thought and dream
Is centered still on thee,
O, hast thou not one tender thought
To lavish, love, on me?

Though bitter tears we both may shed,
When by misfortune bow'd;
Though all life's joys may buried be
Beneath dark sorrow's shroud:
Though fate should sever us, dear one,
And we apart must move,
Our souls, when God shall set them free,
Can live in worlds of love.
Oh, this, indeed, an ecstasy
Untold would be to me!
Say, dearest one, Oh, would it be
A heavenly joy to thee?

The Gray Woman of the Moor.

The [illegible] poured in torrents drifting and [illegible] almost turn[illegible] out, and break[illegible] my water-proof coat as it it [illegible] to penetrate the smooth surface, despite the futility of previous efforts. It was a fearful night; through the water and slush, with the icy wind in my face. Nevertheless there was no help for it, no other [illegible] than this miserable tramp over [illegible] through the blinding De[illegible] train had dropped me [illegible] here the station-master's [illegible] to the proffer of a lan[illegible] to the nearest inn, a [illegible] intended to [illegible] my travels led [illegible] The steady [illegible] my lantern fell on the pools and [illegible] of water as they momentarily deepened [illegible] gathered under deceptive piles of slush. Nothing save a promise to my old comrade, Bernie Strong, could have induced me to brave the elements on such a night as this.

We had separated ten years before. I went off to India, while Bernie remained at [illegible] yachting on the Mediter[illegible] or lounging through his eastern [illegible] in the gay, careless way that Bernie [illegible] And now, after ten years, [illegible] the pitiless storm to meet him [illegible] birthday and go out to the fine old mansion which had come to him by way of inheritance. The wind cut in piercing blasts across these moors; nothing broke its wild sweep. I had hunted over them many a day, but never encountered a storm upon them until to-night.

I buttoned my coat closer and drew my hat lower; the tempest seemed to increase, twisting the umbrella like a rag. "It's a devilish night for man or beast," I muttered, vainly endeavoring to right the umbrella.

"Aye, sir, it is a bad night," answered a female voice at my very elbow.

If a spirit had risen from its grave, I could not have been more shocked or astonished.

"It's always bad on these moors on the twentieth of December," she added, at the same moment coming close to my side, and falling into step with me.

The light suddenly beamed upon a pale, rigid face, with eyes steadily gazing before. Even in the storm I could see that there was something unusual about the woman, something almost weird. Her dress seemed to be of gray serge, covered with a long cloak, and the hand that held it together was slender and white. Her bonnet evidently belonged to some past fashion; indeed, altogether, her costume was out of date, and dripping with water.

"There are not many travelers such nights as this," she observed, after walking a few steps and keeping pace with my rapid strides.

"Not very often a lady?" I queried, glancing into the delicate face and noting the pained expression thereon.

She must be in trouble to venture out on such a night as this, I reflected. Surely no woman could brave this miserable weather for any trifling pretext, and yet I was bound to admit that she appeared scarcely conscious of its discomforts.

"It must be a dire necessity that tempts a lady out on such a night."

"Necessity?" she questioned; "yes, a dire necessity. I must cross these moors if the tempest tears them apart. Is this the twentieth of [illegible]" she asked, abruptly turning [illegible] me, then gazing straight [illegible] in the same fixed gaze, as if [illegible] to peer into the pitch-like blackness always before us.

"Yes, certainly it is," I responded as a fresh gust of wind and rain dashed against us. "Take care, that pond of water is over shoe-top."

"It does not matter," she answered, walking through the slushy pond without a glance at it. "Are you sure this is the twentieth of December?"

"Yes, perfectly certain," I said.

"Then," she rejoined quickly, "I must cross the moor. Ah! I must—there is no help for it; I must walk—walk in spite of the blasts and rain."

Her voice had an echo in it, musical and sad, the intonation of suffering that [illegible] how thrilled me like the snatch of [illegible] melody. Surely some calamity [illegible] the fragile creature out in this howling wilderness. The pathos in her low, clear tones moved me more than anything had done for many a day. I took another look at the strange figure, and, man that I was, the old-fashioned, almost unique appearance of the woman impressed me as something re[illegible] [illegible] personification of [illegible] high-bred dame of [illegible] century past, with her long pelisse and [illegible] falling back from the wrists, and enormously high-heeled shoes. The face, as well as I could see it, was pretty, without being very young. She looked troubled, almost agonized, and utterly regardless of the wretched walk we were having; nevertheless, this antique female filled me with compassion. I strove to shield her from the driving rain with my umbrella. "Madam," I said, after a critical side glance. "Perhaps you will allow me to attend to your errand; if it is in my power to serve you, it will give me pleasure to do so."

"You are wonderful polite, sir," she replied with a formal courtesy. "I must attend to my own errand, but ah, sir, perhaps you will tell me whether this is really the twentieth of December?" She had turned toward me and clasped her long, white hands together imploringly, while the intense sadness with which she seemed to utter these words again crept into her voice.

"Madam, there is not a doubt of it; I assure you it is perfectly true. I left London this morning and have the papers in my pocket; you can see them if you wish; here is the—"

"No," she interrupted with a deprecating gesture, and a strangely hopeless tone; "I must believe you, sir—the rain will wet the paper. It rains wonderful fast, and the train came later than it did the last time."

"Yes; I presume it was on time yesterday. The storm delayed us," was my reply.

This woman perplexed me strangely, and somehow I began to think the Dartmoor Inn a long distance off, and wish it had been nearer, or that my singular companion had chosen some other time for her nocturnal stroll.

"I meant the last twentieth of December, the night was not so wild as this," rejoined the woman, drawing her cloak around her, and shivering.

"I suppose you were never out in such a storm," I said between the gusts of wind and sleet, almost blowing the words down my throat and making me gasp for breath.

"Ay, yes; 'tis nothing. I crossed the moors once when the snow had banked up to the lower branches of the trees, and well nigh covered the little Dartmoor inn before the new kitchen had been added to it; and there was no railway crossed it then; but there was no one to tell me whether it was the twentieth of December, although I sought to know."

"Before the new kitchen had been added?" My brain began to whirl. The old slate in the stone corner of the inn kitchen I had looked at so often and studied its date with all a boy's perseverance in noting to do, and then that legend of the [illegible] on Dartmoor had been one of my [illegible] grandmother [illegible] this young creature [illegible] of it, when I remembered [illegible] mother had it from her grand[illegible]

[illegible] kitchen was built one hun[illegible]," I observed, in un[illegible]

[illegible] the great snow was [illegible] by my stare of amaze[illegible] as she spoke I observed that her costume was in the style of my great grandmother, and mentally I calculated from the date of her decease—it had been one hundred and forty years [illegible]

[illegible] may I ask whether you [illegible] of how long it has been since [illegible] It was not in our day," I ventured [illegible]

"[illegible] yours," she answered quietly; "[illegible] was more than one hundred years [illegible] That was a fierce night for me. My pelisse felt like gauze on my shoulders, though it came from London only five years before, and was like new. Dame Margery brought it in her pillion. The snow blew in my face. Ah, it was hard to keep the path when the big tree had been blown down and lay flat on the ground."

"What tree?" I inquired. She pointed to a great elm we were passing at that moment, the wet branches blown about by the rough winds, and knocking our heads with uncomfortable rudeness.

"That was a shoot from the old stump. It is a goodly tree now."

Just then I caught the first glimmer of lights from the inn windows, and despite the loquacity of my companion I confess to a feeling of relief. Besides, a curiosity to view her by a better light, and understand something about this strange personage, was just as strong as my desire to see her safely under shelter and out of weather too tempestuous for a woman.

"We are near the inn, madam; you can see the light."

"Yes, they had a window in the north gable, which guided belated travelers; one could see the light from it far across the moors," she responded, in that clear treble of hers.

I made no reply; this time I reflected. She is mistaken; no such window has ever been there, to my knowledge. The wind was not as high, although the rain and sleet still fell in torrents, giving as much as I could do to find the way, and in some measure defend the woman from its pelting. As far, however, as my efforts were concerned, or indeed as to the weather, she appeared oblivious, and evidently never noticed either except by a quaint acknowledgement when I called her attention to it. We were only a few yards from the inn, walking rapidly, when she turned to me again with an imploring gesture.

"Sir, I beseech you to tell me whether this is really the twentieth of December. I have lost my count, and do not know—ah! I implore you to tell me truly."

"Madam, I swear it is," was my energetic response, hurrying forward to the friendly cover of the inn porch.

She seemed to hasten her pace also, and as I ran up the steps said, with the most heartfelt gratitude:

"I am wonderfully fortunate."

I knocked sharply at the door, which was opened, immediately by a rubicund, jovial landlord, with his pipe in his mouth, and a blazing fire in the cheery background.

"Come in, sir, come in; it's a nasty night," he said, in a hearty voice, as I hesitated.

"The lady," I said; "here is a lady who claims your attention."

"Where? There is no lady, is there?" asked the landlord, an expression of surprise crossing his honest face.

I turned my lantern around; there was no one to be seen; we searched the porch, for I asserted positively that a lady had accompanied me. All in vain; the landlord pointed to my tracks in the sleet-covered, freezing slush; there were none beside them—mine and no others.

"Are you sure of it, sir?" he asked, rather doubtfully; "leastways it's very strange [illegible] she a friend of your'n?" he [illegible], following me in to the fire, and [illegible] me out of my dripping over[illegible] Maybe you never hear'n of her be[illegible]

[illegible] of my adventure in crossing the [illegible]

"[illegible] pretty and old-timed musty like," [illegible] asked, stirring the fire and piling on the logs while his wife hustled around preparing a hot punch.

"Very much so; I can't account for her disappearance."

It gave me a decidedly uncomfortable feeling to sit quietly before that delightful fire and think of a woman out in the storm.

"Was she main troubled about the twentieth of December, sir?" asked my hostess, [illegible] me [illegible]

"Yes, yes; she [illegible] over and over if this was [illegible] December," [illegible]

The two glanced at each other meaningly.

"That's her," said the landlord.

"It's her," ejaculated his wife, turning [illegible] her husband.

"We have heard of her before, sir," he explained, dropping his voice into a whisper; "you are not the first traveler that's seen the gray woman of the moor. She only walks once a year, on the twentieth of December. My father saw her once, and he used to say that his father met her face to face one night when he was belated, and she begged piteful for him to tell her whether it was the twentieth of December."

"It's the same, undoubtedly. Did you ever have a window in the gable end of the house?"

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed the landlord, with a mystified look," that was closed up ninety years ago. It was in the old stone part. How did you ever hear of that, sir?"

"My companion across the moor informed me of it," I replied, somewhat bewildered by this circumstance, yet inclined to laugh at their absurdity, and think it some witless creature out in the tempest, when she ought to be in a mad house.

"They used to put lights in it, sir, for travelers, for, you see, in those days there were no railways; men mostly took it afoot, or on horseback."

I made no answer. It was all very odd; take it in any light and reason as I would, no explanation presented itself.

"Who is she?" I asked, after a few moments' rapid reflection plunging me only deeper in the fog of mystery.

"Well, sir, they do tell of her about here," answered the wife of my host, glancing furtively at the door; "but leastways it's no luck to talk of her when she is abroad. Who knows what she might do it she heard us; not that I believe the like of that, or mind telling you," corrected the [illegible] dropping her voice in a mysterious whisper. "You see, I've lived on the edge of the moor all my life, sir, and [illegible] and grandmother, and her gran[illegible] before me, so I ought to know the rights of it. My grandam says that the [illegible] house over in Wyndeworth Park is [illegible] el—Lady Cicely, I mean—and [illegible] to marry a handsome baronet [illegible] h of December. And, sir [illegible] abroad to the [illegible] She [illegible] across the moor [illegible] he never came, [illegible] her life [illegible] or him. My [illegible] begging them [illegible] the twentieth of [illegible] was afraid to do [illegible] but she must [illegible] At last [illegible] her [illegible] knight had married [illegible] lady, and poor Lady Cicely [illegible] more daft than ever, and grandam says [illegible] grandam had heard how she would [illegible] piteous for somebody to tell her truly [illegible] was the twentieth of December and [illegible] day in and day out watching the [illegible] had to come across the moor. Nobody [illegible] but on the twentieth of December [illegible] slipped away unknown to anybody [illegible] storm, and the next day [illegible] dead on the moor."

The landlady glanced frequently over her shoulder at the door as she whispered her story in my ear:

"They do say she crosses the moor every twentieth of December, sir," added the woman under breath, starting involuntarily as a gust of wind shook the door and rattled the windows. "I've never ventured abroad, but if I do, sure as I'm living, Lady Cicely, in her gray, musty clothes and moldy cloak will meet up with me, I know that, sir, for you've seen for yourself—and there's ill luck on the place, because nobody has lived at Wyndeworth Park these fifty years, all along of the gray woman—begging her pardon," supplemented the hostess with most timid humility.

"Dolly, give the gentleman some supper," interposed her husband, "it's best to eat something after you've had such company; it aint the jolliest of a night like this."

I acceded to the landlord's request and sat down to supper, while his wife, now fairly launched, entertained me with stories of the gray woman.

Bernie laughed at the adventure when he heard of it, but all his ralliery did not take away the apprehension and awe-stricken look from the countenance of mine host and his wife. "It's her and naught else, if I may make bold to say," they persisted. For myself the incident was perfectly inexplicable. The peculiarity of the woman's face and costume, and the accuracy of her recollections presented an unsolved enigma. Every inquiry only served to deepen my perplexity.

"The truth is," Bernie said that night, after his pretty sister Bessie had gone to her chamber and we were smoking a last cigar, "the truth is, old fellow, that every servant and tenant on the place believes firmly in that delusive female they have christened the gray woman. You can't get one of them on the moor on that night for love or money; but I have walked and driven from Dartmouth Station all my life and never yet have seen her."

That was ten years ago, and perhaps the secret of that delightful time may be explained, when I say that fair Bessie sits opposite to me now, and is my handsome, graceful wife. Berni has remained a bachelor, and despite Bessie's gentle persuasions, continues to rove over the world in search of pleasure and novelty, leaving us at the old place, where I have settled down into a respectable benedict.

Last night Bernie came home after a three years absence to spend the holidays with us. It was dark and cloudy, but he sent the carriage back and preferred to walk over the moor to the station. We had not long to wait before his quick step came crunching over the gravel-bed walk, and we had welcomed him home again.

"It's a confoundedly lonesome walk, Bess, over that moor," he said, as we all sat down to dinner, after Bernie had freshened up his toilet. "The deuce take it, some [illegible] woman met me and inquired [illegible] was the twentieth of December. I don't know whether she was that old ghost [illegible] servants used to term the 'gray woman,' but oddly enough she had a gray, [illegible] look, and seemed afraid I would not tell her the truth."

Here was another adventure precisely similar to mine, and equally inexplicable. Whether there is any foundation for my belief, or whether the world will merely laugh at my folly, I do not know, but for the life of me I cannot shake off the idea that my companion of that stormy walk over the moor was the uneasy occupant of some other sphere. I never cross the moor after dark, as frequently occurs when the sport has been good and the game not shy, that I don't expect that antique figure to step out of the shadows, and that same plaintive voice to ask:

"Will you tell me if this is the twentieth of December? Ah, sir, I've lost my count; will you tell me truly?"

THE EYES.

THE eye, when in health, requires very simple attention, bathing with cold or tepid water being all that is needful. It is, however, so delicate an organ that external causes easily affect it, and impair its beauty. Too strong a light fatigues the eyes; and exposure to currents of air, long-continued application, or night watchings, are equally injurious to them. In evening occupation, extreme care should be taken in the management of the light, which should be considerably above the eyes, so that the glare may not shine into them. Inflammation of the eyelid, accompanied by irritation, may be speedily reduced by holding it over the steam of boiling water. There is also an inflammation, often constitutional, that occurs in the membrane which covers the globe of the eye; this may be remedied by bathing it with warm poppy water. It sometimes happens that the glands of the eye secrete too abundantly, and become glued together during the night, in which case the following preparation will be found useful: Camomile tea, moderately strong, with a little brandy, in the proportion of a table-spoonful of the latter to a small cup of the tea; the eye should be bathed frequently with this mixture, and at night, before retiring to bed, a little ointment composed of sweet oil and white wax, should be carefully applied to the edges of the eyelids with a fine camel's hair pencil. When reading or other exercise of the eyes has been too long continued, an aching sensation is felt just above them; a piece of linen, doubled several times, and steeped in equal parts of vinegar and rose-water, will give relief. Persons who suffer from weak eyes will derive great benefit by dropping into them two or three drops of cold spring water, several times in the twenty-four hours; a small machine is sold by chemists for the purpose of keeping the eye open during this slight operation, which is perfectly painless. A small lump of sugar, saturated with eau de cologne, and slowly dissolved in the mouth, will give temporary brilliancy to the eyes. The eyelashes contribute greatly to the beauty of the eye; in early youth, they are generally thick and long, but owing to neglect, they soon break and wear off. As they not only impart a soft and pleasing expression in the eye, but protect and preserve it, their growth should be encouraged. For this purpose they should be clipped every four or five weeks; by this means they will acquire strength, and will become long and luxuriant. One or more eye lashes sometimes grow inward and irritate the eye; it may be possible to train them in a proper direction with a camel's hair pencil dipped in gum-water; otherwise they should be cautiously extracted by a surgeon. The eyebrows have a great influence on the character of the face. Le Brun regarded them as the most certain interpreter of the sentiments. Their shape may be improved by judicious management, but artificial applications always give an unnatural and disagreeable effect; they may be rendered soft and compact by the use of a little pomade, and smoothing them closely together with the fingers. The hairs should never be plucked out nor destroyed by depilatories, unless they meet across the nose, which imparts so fierce and sinister an expression that it is permissible to remove them; in every other instance it is better to leave the eyebrows as nature made them, for any artificial shape given to them will not harmonize as well with the rest of the features. A well-formed eye should neither be too open nor too closed; the almond shape is the most beautiful. The Chinese have a method of elongating the oval of the eye, by drawing out or extending the eye [illegible] the external angle, and by constant repetitions of this slight operation, they obtain the almond shape, which they esteem essential to beauty.

GILMORE'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

HINTS offered by the leader of Gilmore's band are worth publication. He writes:—Three months' study upon a brass instrument, should be quite sufficient to enable any bright young American to play a subordinate part in an amateur brass band. Don't go blowing around your room at every opportunity, simply playing tunes to please your fancy. You will never make progress in this way, and yet thousands spend their time and let the golden hours fleet by in just such profitless pastime. The moment you take up your instrument for practice open whatever music you may have, and apply eye, ear, and intellect, to the work of playing from the notes. Play with others as often as possible. This is the true way to become a reader. When you are playing with others you cannot rest when and where you please. You must go on. If you miss a note, or a dozen notes, don't stop. Go on. Find your place if possible, and if you cannot, all will have to cease on your account and begin again. It is only when you play with others and find yourself lost after the first few bars that you begin to realize the imperative necessity of knowing the exact value of each note, dot and rest; a familiarity with which will enable any young performer to enter the musical arena; to join an amateur band, and to develop a source of pleasure, which, if one has a real love for music and if talent and ambition lead the way, may add to the ranks of the profession many an accomplished instrumental performer and soloist.

RANK AND TALENT.—Many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank, but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment by thanking his rank for his talent. When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed, I can make a thousand Lords but not one Leonardo. Those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes—all that is good of them is under ground.

THE BELFRY OF TOURNAY.

AT Tournay, in Belgium, there is a famous old belfry. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to be built on a Roman base. It now possesses forty bells. It commands the town and the country round, and from its summit is obtained a clear view of the largest and finest cathedral in Belgium, with its five magnificent towers. Four brothers guard the summit of the belfry at Tournay, and relieve each other each day and night, at intervals of ten hours. All through the night a light is seen burning in the topmost gallery, and when a fire breaks out the tocsin, or big bell, is tolled up aloft by the watchman. He is never allowed to sleep—indeed, as he informed the writer, showing us his scanty accommodation, it would be [illegible] there.

[illegible] stormy [illegible] seems to [illegible] for its [illegible] is so [illegible] town [illegible] on a night [illegible] danger [illegible] more [illegible] melted [illegible] and twisted [illegible] tower, [illegible] and within [illegible] masonry [illegible] self has be[illegible] long [illegible] with the [illegible] Bel[illegible] like a [illegible] the bells peal out [illegible] a anility with the deep b[illegible] thunder, while the shrill [illegible] treble to the wild [illegible]

At [illegible] night the [illegible] It is the [illegible] can be seen up so [illegible] when the moon is bright, it looks a [illegible] red in the silvery atmosphere. Then it is that the music of the bells floats farthest over the plains, and the postilion hears the sound as he hurries along the high road from Brussels or Lille, and, smacking his whip loudly, he shouts to his weary steed as he sees the light of the old tower of Tournay come in sight.

HOUSEKEEPING—MAN AND WIFE.—A house is divided into two halves, the outside and the inside. To man belongs the former, to woman the latter. Whether this be a law of nature or a law of custom, some have disputed; but we think there can be little doubt about it. Were it not a law of nature, it would have been resisted by some people. Its universal adoption and prevalence proves it to be an established natural fact,—a law which neither act of parliament nor custom has power to repeal. The outside of the house consists of all such productive labor as supplies the materials for domestic comfort, and the inside consists of the preparation, arrangement, and distribution of such material for the good of the family; two very distinct offices, and nature has very kindly and very wisely provided a sex for each. The two sexes are only in their proper sphere when respectively superintending these two departments, and each is evidently out of place and somewhat uncomfortable when trespassing on the other's ground. But there is a natural tendency to trespass notwithstanding. Wives are proverbially fond of giving advice and doing a little business in the masculine department, and men are no less proverbially tempted to belie their sex, and take upon themselves such authority in the housekeeping line as reminds us not a little of the bull in the china shop. A kitchen man is a very troublesome fellow, more especially if he sits all day in the arm-chair by the fireside, advising, directing, grumbling, criticising, and commanding. His wife must be possessed of a most remarkable passivity of nature to endure it with patience, and he himself gains little by it, except, perhaps it may be the dishcloth pinned to his coat tail by some wag of a girl, who has courage and independence of spirit to beard the lion in his den. A wife who interferes with her husband's workmen is equally insufferable, or who comes between the husband and his customers to show her own talent for business, and the incapacity of her lord and master. There may at times be a necessity for both these exchanges of relationship, but they are always accompanied by disagreeable feelings, and discreditable to one party or both.

NOBLES OF THE TIME OF HENRY VII.—The mode of living may be somewhat understood by reference to an old book quite precious in the sight of the antiquarians, the household book of an Earl of Northumberland. It appears the old Earl had a large family. It consisted of only six [illegible] six persons; masters and servants. Fifty was the average number of his daily guests. There was a very precise sumptuary code and given out in parcels and by rule. From midsummer to [illegible] fresh meat was allowed; for [illegible] of the year salted provisions was [illegible] le [illegible] was in great [illegible] dred and sixty gallons a [illegible] a table—no doubt the [illegible] the fresh and salt meat re[illegible] make it go [illegible] of small [illegible] No [illegible] able [illegible] were few, [illegible] out [illegible] and [illegible] re! [illegible] the [illegible] which, if lighted [illegible] and Never's [illegible] outshine. The [illegible] in the morning, dined [illegible] at four.

[illegible] had at their breakfast [illegible] the rest, viz: a [illegible] a quart of wine, two pieces [illegible] fish, and six red herring, and a dish of [illegible]

From the sketch of the interior of the house of a noble and wealthy personage, we may infer how the poor existed. As we have said before, there is not a mechanic who earns five hundred dollars a year, that does not live more respectably and comfortably than most of the old English barons.

LOVE.—Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asked what he would give to save her from servitude. He replied all that he had in the world, and his own life into the bargain. Cyrus upon this very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed. All were full of his praises upon this occasion, some commending the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife whether she did not greatly admire him.

"I never looked at him," said she.

"Not look at him!" returned he; "upon *whom* then did you look?"

"Upon him," replied she, "who offered his own life to redeem me from slavery."

He that has no charity merits no mercy.

THE CHRONICLE.

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.
PALMER & REY 405-407 Sansome street.

THE CHINESE.

While demagogues have been haranguing the people of San Francisco on the Chinese question without inaugurating any practicable and popular movement looking toward a mitigation of the evil, the people of Sacramento have taken hold of the matter with an earnestness that promises great good to that city and State, and without resorting to any violent measures. They have formed an Anti-Chinese organization, now numbering over one thousand members, and it is proposed to institute branches in every county, city and town in the State, with a main State organization at Sacramento. To carry out the Sacramento plan a committee will be appointed to visit the different sections of the State and organize the proposed branches, after which delegates will be elected to attend a Convention to be held at Sacramento at a date not yet fixed. It has been charged to Sacramentans—the enterprising builders of the Central Pacific Railroad, that they are responsible for the influx of Chinese, who were required to build the railroad. Granting it to be true, it now looks as though the enterprising citizens of the same city were to earn the credit of ridding the State of their unwelcome presence. They are discharging their Chinese employes, and encouraging women to start laundries. While the riddance will necessarily be slow in large cities and towns, in smaller ones, where the Chinese are cooks or laundrymen, they can be got rid of quickly, if the people are so disposed. In view of the anti-Chinese feeling throughout the State it would be natural to look for a large exodus of this undesirable population, but the steamer which sailed for China a few days ago had only 400 passengers. Perhaps many have gone East to visit their white friends in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. In San Francisco the laundry business is a vast source of wealth to the Chinese, and the majority of their patrons are workingmen, who are vociferous in their exclamation of "The Chinese Must Go!" If those workingmen will do what the Sacramentans are doing—withdraw their patronage from such places, and from every person employing Chinese, Dupont street might be thinned out considerably, and the outgoing China steamers have a larger Chinese passenger list than the last one had. But talk is cheaper than actions in San Francisco—much too cheap.

FAST TRAVELING.—The special train of the New York World recently started from New York with the Sunday edition of that paper for Washington and the South two hours after the express train had left for Philadelphia, and overtook it before it reached that city, making the trip in two hours less time than the regular express time—the World train running at the rate of a mile a minute, and delivering that paper in Washington in the remarkable short time of five hours and forty five minutes from Jersey City, and enabling President Cleveland to read it while taking his morning coffee and codfish balls. The World keeps moving, and is evidently distancing its older rivals. Two years ago it is said, its circulation was only 16,000, and now it claims a circulation of 150,000.

A crank, supposed to be L. S. Kempbell, from papers found on him, was arrested on the outskirts of Council Bluffs on Saturday. He was heavily armed and had considerable money. He said he was on his way to Washington to kill the President, in order to rid the country of Democrats. He is believed to be from Sydney, Neb. An Insane Asylum is the proper place for such characters.

Several first-class excursion parties are on their way to California from the East. Within the past two months over 2,000 first-class excursionists have visited California and such parties have hardly started to come yet. The coming year will be a great one for Eastern excursionists to our favored State.

Stephen Parker Guion, owner of the Guion line of Atlantic steamers, died of apoplexy on Saturday last at Liverpool. He was a native of New York, and aged 65. And thus another millionaire Crosses the River.

A recent dynamite explosion in a mine in Siberia caused an immense loss of life—from 400 to 1,000. It is a pity Coroner O'Donnel, of San Francisco, had not been there.

The Supreme Court has declared the bill allowing Superior Judges to appoint Court Reporters at a fixed salary, unconstitutional.

George W. Hancock, of Sacramento, has a yearling filly that recently paced a mile in 2:40—the fastest time on record for a yearling.

The 19th annual session of the Teachers' Association of California will be held at San Jose next week.

MONTROSE & BRADSHAW,

Main Street, Bodie,

HAVE IN STORE, AND CONSTANTLY IN receipt of a Fresh Stock of Groceries, and General Supplies; he has, in addition to the above,

CIGARS and TOBACCO, CANDIES and NUTS, FRESH FRUIT and VEGETABLES, LIVE POULTRY.

☞ Your patronage respectfully solicited. [21-tf]

NEW TO-DAY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNty of Mono, State of California.

Decree of Foreclosure, and Order of Sale.

R. N. GRAVES AND A. PACKARD, Plaintiffs, vs. MONO LAKE HYDRAULIC MINING COMPANY, Defendant.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF Execution on an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court in and for the said County of Mono, State of California, on the 26th day of December A. D. 1885, in the above entitled action, wherein R. N. Graves and A. Packard, the above named Plaintiffs, obtained a judgment against the Mono Lake Hydraulic Mining Company, Defendant, on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1885, for the sum of Fifty-five thousand, six hundred and forty seven and 03 100 ($55,647 03) dollars, in lawful money of the United States, together with the further sum of Eighteen hundred and nine and 66 100 ($1,809 66) dollars interest on the principal sum of Forty five thousand, two hundred and forty one 60 100 ($45,241 60) dollars from the 26th day of January, A. D. 1885, the date of filing the said findings of facts and conclusions of law in this cause, making in all the sum of Fifty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-six 69-100 ($57,456 69) dollars, and Nineteen hundred and thirty eight ($1,938) dollars costs, per centage, necessary disbursements and attorney's fees, making in all the sum of Fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-four 69-100 ($59,354 69) dollars, with interest on said sum of Fifty seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-six 69 100 ($57 456 69) dollars at the rate of one per cent. per month from the date of said decree, the 26th day of May, 1885, until paid, together with all accruing costs against said defendant, the Mono Lake Hydraulic Mining Company.

I am commanded to sell

The following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay said judgment, together with costs, and all accruing costs:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Mono county, State of California, and described as follows:

The south east quarter of north east quarter of Section Eleven, the south half of south east quarter of Section Eleven; the south half of Section Twelve, the north east quarter of Section Twelve; the south east quarter of north west quarter of Section Twelve; all of Section Thirteen, the east half of north east quarter of Section Fourteen; the east half of south east quarter of Section Fourteen; the south west quarter of south east quarter of Section Fourteen, the south east quarter of south west quarter of Section Fourteen, all in Township Two, North, Range, Twenty five East. The south half of Section Seven, the north west quarter of Section Seven, the south west quarter of Section Eight, the west half of Section Seventeen; all of Section Eighteen; the north half of north east quarter of Section Nineteen and the north east quarter of north west quarter of Section Nineteen, all in Township Two, North Range Twenty-six East, Mount Diablo Base Meridian, together with all and singular, the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances unto the above described premises belonging or in any wise appertaining, and all the water and water rights of said party, the Mono Lake Hydraulic Mining Company in or to Mill Creek in said Mono county, and all water rights or privileges used in connection with said property, and all ditches, flumes, canals, reservoirs and dams used in connection with said water rights or incidental thereto together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1886,

at 2 o'clock P. M. of that day, in front of the Court House, in Bridgeport, Mono County, California, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant had of, in and to the said property on the 13th day of November, 1883, or at any time since, and the said described property or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, with interest thereon and costs, to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand.

Dated Bridgeport, Dec., 28, 1885.

C. F. McKINNEY, Sheriff,
By W. A. WILCOX, Under Sheriff.

d26td

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Eight years' practice before the Patent Office and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copy-rights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

WHO KNOWS

WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?
Railroad trains will be wrecked?
Boilers or lamps will explode?
Horses will take fright and run?
Bricks or timbers will fall?
Fire burn or lightning strike?
Machinery will crush or mangle?
Tools or glass will cut?
Splinters or nails will wound?
Slips and falls will happen?
Hammers and weights will bruise?
Ladder or staging will give way?
Animals will kick or bite?
Limbs will be sprained or broken?
Fatal or disabling injury by accident may be caused in any one of a thousand ways?

As no one knows, the only safe and sure way is to

INSURE

IN THE

TRAVELERS'

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ALEX. C. FOLGER,
AGENT,
BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HOMER E OSBORN,

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance,

429 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

REFERENCE, By Permission:
Redington & Co., Goodyear Rubber Company Hawley Bros. Hardware Co., H. S. Crocker & Co., John Taylor & Co., Wellman, Peck & Co., and Anglo-California Bank, San Francisco.
R. M. & A. C. Folger, Bridgeport.

LEGAL.

NOTICE of Application to Purchase Timber Land

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Bodie, Cal., Nov. 13, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN COMpliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory,"

COLUMBUS C. TURNER,

whose postoffice address is Clinton, Mono county, Cal., has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the

S W ¼ of N E ¼, S E ¼ of N W ¼, N W ¼ of S E ¼, and N E ¼ of S W ¼, Section No. 7, in Township No. 6 N, Range No. 25 E of the M D Meridian.

All persons holding any adverse claims thereto are required to present the same at this office within sixty days from the first publication of this notice.

D. WALKER,
Register.

First publication Nov. 21, 1885. n21-60d

NOTICE of Application to Purchase Timber Land.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Bodie, Cal., Nov. 14, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN COMpliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory,"

H. P. WILLIS,

whose Postoffice address is Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal., has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the

Fractional W ½ of S W ¼, S W ¼ of S E ¼, and S E ¼ of S W ¼, Section No. 7, in Township No. 6 N, Range No. 25 E, of the M D Meridian.

All persons holding any adverse claim thereto are required to present the same at this office within sixty days from the first publication of this notice.

D. WALKER, Register.

First publication Nov. 21, 1885. n21-60d

NOTICE of Application to Purchase Timber Land.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Bodie, Cal., Oct. 27, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN COMpliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory.

HUGH McCAGHREN,

Whose Postoffice address is Bodie, Mono county, Cal., has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the

W ½ of Lot No. 10, Section 33, Lot No. 3, and W ½ of Lot No. 2, Section 32, in Township 7 N, R 25 E of the M D Meridian.

All persons holding any adverse claim thereto are required to present the same at this office within sixty days from the first publication of this notice.

D. WALKER, Register.

First publication October 31, 1885. o31-60d

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF MARTIN KING, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Martin King, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, or to his Attorney, Wm. O. Parker, Esq., at Bridgeport, in the county of Mono, C[illegible]

[illegible] 11, 1885.

[illegible], Administrator of the Estate of Martin King, deceased.

(d12-4w)

MINING NOTICES.

Notice to Co-Owner.

TO DAVID LEWIS DEAL.

You are hereby notified that I have expended one hundred ($100) dollars in labor and improvements upon the

GREAT EASTERN

mining claim formerly known as the Bonanza, situated in Patterson Mining District, Mono County, State of California, bounded on the north by the St. Louis Claim, running thence southerly fifteen hundred feet, with a width of six hundred feet, and bounded on the west by the M & M Mining Claim, located January [illegible], by Hugh McCaghren and duly recorded in the Mining Records of Patterson Mining District, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required for holding the same for the year ending December 31, 1884, and if within ninety days (90) from the first day of publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure as co-owner, to wit: the sum of thirty three 33 100 dollars, together with the cost of this advertisement, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said Section 2324.

Sep. 15, 1885.

F. A. FULMORE.

First publication, Sept. 19, 1885. s19-90

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for all those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

BRIDGEPORT

BRASS BAND.

SOCIALS.

THE BRIDGEPORT BRASS BAND will give a SOCIAL DANCE on the evening of the LAST FRIDAY of each month, for the purpose of defraying the running expenses of the band.

The 5th of said Series of Socials will be given at

Bryant's Hall,

ON

FRIDAY EVENING,

January 29th, 1886.

GRAND MARCH at 8:30 precisely.

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

TICKETS..............ONE DOLLAR
(Admitting Gentleman and Ladies.)

BEN. H. MILLER,
GEO. L. THOMPSON,
E. KIRKWOOD,
d26 Committtee of Arrangements.

CHARLES B. ANTON,

Undertaker,

BRIDGEPORT.

Undertaking in all its branches promptly attended to. Caskets and coffins furnished at short notice.

a18-4

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES

TO EASTERN AND EUROPEAN CITIES,

VIA the Great Trans-continental all-rail routes.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express and Emigrant Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway Lines in the East

CONNECTING AT

New York and New Orleans

with the several Steamer Lines to

ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars attached to Overland Express Trains.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPING CARS

are run daily with Overland Emigrant Trains. No additional charge for Berths in Third-class Cars.

☞ Tickets sold, Sleeping-car Berths secured and other information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc. etc.

RAILROAD LANDS

FOR SALE ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Apply to, or address

W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R., San Francisco.
JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent S. P. R. R., San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt
au1-6m SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FAIRFIELD'S

BODIE and BRIDGEPORT STAGE LINE,

Carrying the U. S. Mail and Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

Leaves Bodie every morning at 6.30 am Bridgeport at 1 P. M., arriving in Bodie at o'clock.

OFFICES—Bodie, Barney Clark's Wine Room Bridgeport, Leavitt's Hotel.

e24-tf WM. H. FAIRFIELD, Proprietor.

BODIE AND LUNDY STAGE LINE.

A. F. HECTOR.......................Proprietor

Leaves Bodie on Monday Wednesday and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock.
Leaves Lundy Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 o'clock. f7-tf

EAST WALKER RIVER TOLL [illegible]

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	[illegible]
Loose stock, each	[illegible]
Empty teams, half-price.	

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams half-price.	

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS LEASED THE

ALLEN STABLES,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Is prepared to carefully attend to all Stock placed in his charge at the lowest rates going.
Horses boarded by the Day, Week or Month.
Hay, Bran, Oats and Barley for sale.
Buggy Teams and Saddle Horses for hire.
A liberal patronage solicited,

d12-tf AL. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

A. C. RAYMOND,

DEALER IN

HARNESS, SADDLERY, Saddlery Hardware, Blankets, Robes and Carriage Trimmings.

MAIN STREET, BODIE.

All kinds of repairing. mh1-td

P. G. HUGHES,

Blacksmith and Wagon Make

BRIDGEPORT, CAL

HORSE AND OX SHOEING.

AND GENERAL JOBBING.

NEW TO-DAY.

POSTOFFICE STORE.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A. F. BRYANT.

☞ SEE ADVERTISEMENT NEXT WEEK. ☜

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BODIE STORE,

Bodie, Cal.,

Dealers in

General Merchandise.

FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.

Prices to Suit the Times.

Give Us a Call!

D. HAYS & BRO

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

General Merchandise.

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE.

Provisions

Wines and Liquors.

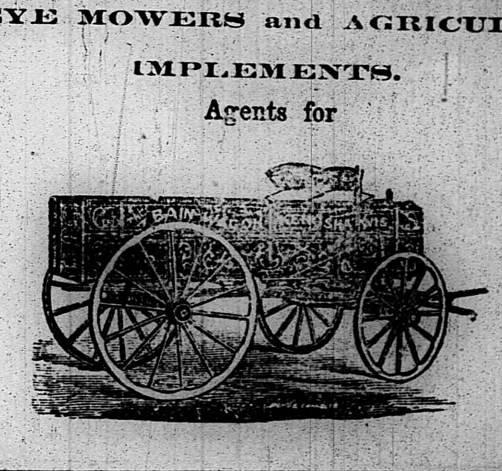
CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass,

BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Agents for



NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,
Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal.

THE DUPLICATE ASSESSMENT BOOK FOR the year 1885-6 has this day been placed in my hands, and notice is hereby given that I will be in the places herein mentioned, at the time specified, for the purpose of receiving payment of the same:

Antelope—At James Todkill's store, December 11th and 12th.
Clinton—At John Sheehan's store, December 14
Lundy—At Rosenwald, Coblentz & Co.'s store, December 18th.
Benton—At Watterson Bros' store, December 21st and 22d.
Bodie—At Occidental Hotel, December 25th, and 26th.
Bridgeport—At Office of the Tax Collector at any time.

And notice is hereby further given that Taxes will be Delinquent on the last Monday in December, 1885, at 6 o'clock P. M., and unless paid prior thereto, five per cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

R. G. MONTROSE, Tax Collector.

Dated December 26th, 1885. o31 td

TYPE METAL

For sale at

This Office.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SOON COMMENCE THE PUBLICATION of the

MONO RECORD

at

STAR CITY,

PATTERSON MINING DISTRICT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

The Record

Will be Published in connection with the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

LOCAL BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED IN BOTH PAPERS AT ONE RATE.

R. M. & A. C. FOLGER.

THE UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.—Prof. Hampton, of the Bridgeport School, gave the children a Christmas Festival on Christmas Eve at Bryant's Hall. The Hall was tastefully decorated with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, pictures and flags, and near the north end of the Hall a large Christmas Tree had grown, and was loaded bountifully with the fruits that Santa Claus delights in harvesting at this season of the year.—The Hall was well filled with our people, the children being out in full force and brim full of happiness. At 7:30 the entertainment opened with music by the Bridgeport Brass Band, which had kindly volunteered to furnish music for the occasion, after which Ben. H. Miller announced the following program:

Quartet—Christmas Glee, by Misses Flora Sinclair, Clara Donnel, and

Calisthenics by the smallest children, who did remarkably well for such little tots.

Duett—Carnival of Venice, by Miss Flora Sinclair and Prof. Hampton.

Recitation—'Twas the Night before Christmas, by little David Hays.

Quartet—Silent Night, by Misses Sinclair, Donnell, and W. O. Parker.

Music by the Band.

Dialogue—"Arthur Rich and Martin Lee," by Arthur Allen and

Duett—Piano, by Mrs. E. A. Brown and Miss Belle Allen.

Recitation—School Bell, by Wesley Stewart.

Duett—Piano and Violin, by Miss Minnie Clark and Prof. Hampton.

Duett—Organ, Shamus O'Brien, by Misses Clara and Ella Donnel.

Quartet—Jolly Old St. Nicholas.

At the conclusion of the above, Santa Claus arrived from over the Sonora road, arrayed in furs and with sleigh bells jingling, creating much joy and merriment among the expectant little ones. He soon commenced distributing the "fruit" from the tree, which was so heavily freighted as to require the assistance of several harvesters to pick the crop. Every child had been remembered, and no place in the country can boast of a happier crowd of children than Bridgeport brought to the "front" on this occasion. About an hour was occupied in the distribution, many of the elderly "children" receiving a goodly share of Santa Claus' favors. When Santa Claus was about to start for Bodie he found in his possession a "sack" containing $25, a popular contribution of Bridgeport friends to Prof. Hampton, to whom he made a few appropriate remarks and placed it in his hands. The Professor was taken by surprise, but soon recovered, sufficiently to thank the donors for their gift. The floor was then cleared and given up to the children, who danced, went through the grand march, played blind man's buff, Copenhagen, etc. The little ones were treated to a bountiful supply of cake after the fatiguing grand march. About 11:30 the older people took the floor for a waltz or two, it being Christmas before the lights were put out. It was an entirely successful entertainment, and highly creditable to Prof. Hampton, who engineered it.

DIVORCE CASE.—On Tuesday last Judge Briggs rendered his decision in the divorce suit of Geo. W. Cutts vs. Clara E. Cutts. The defendant, Mrs. Cutts, was granted a divorce on her cross-complaint, and was awarded the custody of the three minor children of the marriage. Mrs. Cutts was also awarded the real estate, consisting of about 160 acres of land in Antelope Valley, the same being adjudged to be her separate property. After the community debts are paid out of the personal property, the residue of said personal property is to be equally divided. Wm. O. Parker was the attorney for plaintiff, and Richard S. Miner for the defendant. This case has excited much interest in Antelope Valley, where the parties have lived many years.

CHRISTMAS BALL.—The Christmas Ball, given last evening by the Bridgeport Brass Band, was a fitting opening of the Holiday season. The Band played several pieces before the grand march, which was ably conducted by Colonel Gallagher. The attendance was larger than at the previous socials of the Band, every available space of the large hall being filled with dancers, with enough "wall flowers" on hand to grace another large hall. The music was furnished by Profs. Ford and Hampton, W. O. Parker and C. Anton—a guarantee of its excellence. At midnight a royal supper was served under the supervision of Mrs. A. F. Bryant, after which dancing was resumed and continued until near daylight this morning. The Band may chalk it down as an enjoyable party.

HEAVY STORM.—A heavy rain set in here about 5 o'clock on Monday morning, and continued until four o'clock P. M., being one of the heaviest rains this valley has had. The streams were high and the roads between here and Bodie, and also toward Benton, were badly washed out. At Bodie it snowed to a depth of two feet. On Tuesday morning we had another smart shower. Early yesterday morning it rained heavily here, and gave a foot of new snow at Bodie as a Christmas present. To-day appearances indicate another rainfall in the near future.

WEATHER NEXT WEEK.—Our readers may confidently look for rainy weather next week, with snow at Bodie. We predicted correctly last Saturday regarding the weather this week.

NEW SALOON.—Sam. Williamson has refitted the saloon in the Huntoon building, corner of Main and Sinclair streets, and is getting his share of the "social" custom.

(Overland Monthly for December.)

ROUGH NOTES OF A YOSEMITE CAMPING PARTY.

These notes [illegible] Joseph Le Conte party that passed through Mono county in 1870. The following commences at the summit of Mt. Dana—one of many towering peaks, 13,227 feet, in this county.

Mt. Dana is 22 miles, Castle Peak 9 and Mono Lake 15 from Bridgeport, County Seat of this county:

"The view from the top is magnificent beyond description. To the northwest, the sharp, strangely picturesque peaks of the Cathedral group, to the south, in the distance, the Mt. Lyell group, with broad patches of snow on their slopes; and near at hand, the bare, gray mass of Mt. Gibbs; to the north, the fine outlines of Castle Peak, rising above and dominating the surrounding summits; and to the east, almost at our feet, the whole interior valley, including Lake Mono, with its picturesque islands and volcanos. Stretching away to the west, valleys, with grassy meadows and lakes separated by low wooded ridges. I could count forty or fifty lakes, and meadows without number. These meadows, lakes and ridges suggest glacier beds, with morains, stretching westward down the Sierra slope. The slope on the western and northwestern side is regular, and about forty degrees, but when we arrived at the top, we found that on the east and northeast the slope is very precipitous, forming a great amphitheater, in which lay immense stores of snow, and in one place we found nestled a clear, deep blue lake, apparently formed by the melting snow. This great snow field extends a little over the gentle slope we ascended. I did not observe any remarkable effect of diminished density of atmosphere upon respiration or circulation The beating of the heart was a little troublesome. I had to stop frequently to allow it to become quiet; but this seemed to me as bad near the beginning of the climb as near the top. It seemed only more difficult to get my 'second wind' than usual.

* * * * * * * * *

Over Mono Pass and down Bloody Canyon. The trail to the summit is a very gentle ascent, the whole way along the margin of the creek. On the summit is a marshy meadow, altitude 10,700 feet, from which a stream runs each way—east into The trail down the canyon is rough and precipitous beyond conception, and is the terror of drovers and packers. It descends 4,000 feet in two or three miles over a mere mass of loose fragments of sharp slate. The scenery of Bloody Canyon is really magnificent, and from a scientific point of view, the most interesting locality I have yet seen. Conceive a narrow winding gorge, with black, slatey precipices of every conceivable form, 1,500 to 2,000 feet high on either side. As the gorge descends precipitously, and winds from side to side, we often look down into the most glorious amphitheater of cliffs, and from time to time beyond, upon the glittering surface of Mono Lake, and the bounded plains, studded with volcanic cones. About one-third the way down, in the center of the grandest of these amphitheaters, is a deep, splendidly clear, emerald green lake, three or four times as large as Mirror Lake. It looks like an artificial basin, for its shores are everywhere hard, smooth, polished rock. There can be no doubt that this lake basin was scooped out by a glacier. The cliffs are scored and polished to the height of about 1,000 feet; the projecting knobs in the bottom of the canyon are rounded, scored and polished in a similar manner. After we had descended the steep slope, and escaped from the high rocky walls of Bloody Canyon proper, and reached the level plain, we found ourselves still confined between two huge, parallel ridges of debris, 500 feet high, and only one-half mile apart, and extending five or six miles on the plain. These are the natural moraines of a glacier. A little below the beginning of these moraines we found a large and beautiful lake which filled the whole canyon. Below this lake, lateral moraines on either side send each a branch, which meet, forming a crescentic cross-ridge, through which the stream breaks. This is evidently a terminal moraine, and the lake has been formed by this barrier.

After getting away from the lateral moraines fairly on the plains, the most conspicuous objects are the extinct volcanoes. There are about twenty, with cones and craters as distinct as though erupted this day. Even at this distance I see that their snow-white, bare sides are composed of loose volcanic ashes and sand, above which project distinct rocky crater-rims, some of dark rock, but most of light-colored, probably pumice-stone. The cones are from 200 to 2,700 feet above the plain, and the plain is about 5,500 feet above the level of the sea.

We camped in a fine meadow on the banks of a beautiful stream—Rush Creek. In riding down to camp I observed the terraces of Mono Lake, former water-levels, very distinctly marked, four or five in number. The whole region on this side about Mono Lake is covered with volcanic ashes and sand. It is the only soil except in the meadows. Even these seem to have the same soil, only more damp, and therefore more fertile. Scattered about, larger masses of pumice and obsidian are visible. Except in the meadows and along streams, the only growth is sagebrush. Just before reaching camp, I examined a fine section, made by Rush Creek, of lake and river deposit, beautifully stratified. It consists below of volcanic ashes, carried as sediment and deposited in the lake, and is therefore a true lake deposit. Above this is a drift pebble deposit, consisting of granite and slate. Above this are volcanic ashes and sand, unstratified, probably blown ashes and sand, or ejected since the drift.

In the picture of the view from Mono Lake, I have yet said nothing about the Sierras. The general view of these mountains from this, the Mono side, is far finer than from the other side. They rise gradually on the western side for 50 or 60 miles. On the Mono or eastern side, they are precipitous, the summit running close to the valley. From this side, therefore, the mountains present a sheer elevation of 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the plain. The sunset view from an eminence near our camp, seemed to me by far the finest mountain view I had ever seen. The immense height of the chain above the plain, the abruptness of the declivity, the infinately diversified forms, and the wonderful sharpness and ruggedness of the peaks, such as I have seen nowhere but in the Sierras, and all this strongly relieved against the brilliant sunset sky, formed a picture of indescribable grandeur. As I turn in the opposite direction, the regular forms of the volcanoes, the placid surface of Lake Mono with its picturesque islands, and far away the scarcely visible outlines of the White Mountains, pass in sucession before the eye. I enjoyed this magnificent panoramic view until it faded in the darkness.

(To be continued).

Personal.

Gay E. Porter, who has been visiting his parents, Captain G. L. Porter and wife, left for home, El Paso, Texas, on Tuesday, the Captain taking him to Carson. His visit has been pleasant to his friends, who will be pleased to know that his wife will remain here a month or two longer.

Surveyor Thompson was here yesterday.

D. E. Jones, Superintendent of the Virginia Creek Hydraulic Mining Co., came over yesterday to eat his Christmas turkey, and shake his foot at the Band social last evening.

Sam. Fales and wife came in from the Hot Springs on Thursday to attend the doings at Bryant's Hall.

L. Gullickson, W. Radley, James Powell and J. M. Busick, all of Antelope, were in town on Thursday.

Henry Williams, of Sweetwater, was here on Thursday.

Supervisor Goodnow was in town most of this week, returning to Antelope yesterday.

Supervisor Boone was in town on Tuesday, interviewing some of the late grand jurymen.

NEW SUITS.—Samuel Newman, of San Francisco, has brought suit against the Summers Con. mine, at Clinton, in an S. F. Justice Court for $72 60. T. C. Sharpe, of Clinton, has commenced suit against the same Company for $1,164 60; and John Sheehan one for $803 37.

Henry Williams, of Sweetwater, has commenced suit against J. N. & G. M. Summers for $542 45. Sheriff McKinney has attached the Summers mine, etc., and also some mining property belonging to the Summers brothers.

NEW YEAR'S BALL.—The Holidays will close here with a grand ball at Bryant's Hall on New Year's Night. After we have fairly ridden ourselves of the old year, all should turn out on this occasion and give the New Year a good "send off." Captain Porter, who gives the ball, will have the best of music, and those attending will have all the dancing they can stand up to.

FIRE AT BODIE.—On Saturday afternoon last a fire destroyed three small dwellings on Bonanza street, Bodie. One of the local papers devoted nearly two columns to record the event—an act of gallantry, no doubt, to the denizens of that locality.

THANKS.—Mrs. J. O. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. C. F. McKinney will accept thanks for, in addition to other religious duties, remembering, on Christmas Day, the meek and lowly—printers of this office.

BUSY.—There have been busy times at the Court House this week.

SALUTES.—A salute will be fired at midnight on the 1st of January, also at sunset.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.—We wish our friends a Happy New Year.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on next Monday week.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.—This magazine for January, commences the Seventh Volume, and it is one of its best numbers. The bright contents are: Golden Graves, A Cameo, The Voyage of the Ursulines, For Money, The Turning of Orpheus, An Autumn Ramble in Washington Territory, Mr. Grigg's Christmas, A Cruise among the Floating Islands, The Wyoming Anti-Chinese Riot, A California Wild-Rose Spray, North Country People, On hearing Edgar S. Kelley's Music of Mcbeth, In Love with Two Women, The Lost Journals of a Pioneer, Observations on the Chinese Laborer, Recent Verse, Louis Agassiz, Etc, Book Review.

Published by the Overland Monthly Co., San Francisco, at $4 per year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper's Magazine for January enters upon the new year in superb style with choice readings and 62 fine engravings. The contents are: She Stoops to Conquer—frontispiece; Winter in Devonshire, East Angels, Lament, Hunting a Mythical Pall-bearer, Domestic and Court Customs in Persia, Great American Industries. IV; "Sis," Christmas with the Germans before Paris, She Stoops to Conquer, In the Marshes, Indian Summer, The Militia and the Army, "Unc" Edinburg's Drowndin', Editor's Easy Chair Editor's Study, Monthly Record of Current Events, Editor's Drawer,

Harper & Bros., publishers, New York, $4 a year.

Sonora is to have a theater building, to be finished in February.

Just received forty patterns of wall paper at Kelly's furniture store, Bodie, cheap.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

DR. D'UNGER has recently discovered an antidote to alcoholism that effectually *cures the patient* of any desire for spirituous liquors. He treats it as a disease, and says that the medicine can be bought at any first-class drug store. "It is red Peruvian bark (*cinchona rubra*). Quinine is from the yellow bark (*calisaya*). Now, there are eighty varieties of this bark. I use the bark," says Dr. D'Unger, "from the small red variety. Druggists call it the quill bark because it comes from twigs about the size of a quill. I take a pound of the best fresh quill red Peruvian bark (*cinchona rubra*), powder it and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half pint. Any one can prepare it. I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half spoonful, then to a quarter spoonful, then down to fifteen, ten, and five drops. I continue the medicine from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases thirty days. Seven is about the average.

"Intemperance, first a habit, finally becomes a disease. It becomes a disease of the nerve cells, or sensorial ganglia. I found by dissecting the brain of a man who had died of delirium tremens that the cells of the quadrigeminal body, or the cells that send the nerves to the eye, were in an unnatural state on the outside, while within the nerve cells themselves I discovered a yellow, yeasty looking deposit.

"I asked [illegible] what is this yellow deposit and [illegible] causes this abnormal look of the cells. It was caused, I learned after much research, by the ethereal part of the alcohol going straight to the outside of these cells. Now, if I drink milk," continued the doctor, "or eat food, it will take it four hours to pass through the digestive organs, be taken up in the blood, and be passed to the nerve cells in three minutes. This shows that alcohol is not digested. It is not food. It is a poisonous fluid, electricity, goes over a wire, straight to the outside of the nerve cells, which it stimulates artificially, when they should be stimulated naturally through the blood.

"If the spirit part of alcohol were digested like soup, the kidneys would extract from it its properties as they extract the injurious salts from our food, and this poison would never reach them. Once stimulated unnaturally by a poisonous substance like whiskey, the nerve cells call for larger and larger doses, till by and by a man can drink two quarts of whiskey or eat seventy grains of morphine a day. *Cinchona rubra* stops the call for alcohol.

"When a man drinks alcohol it goes, like electricity, straight to the nerve cells; thence to the eye through the optic nerve; then to the brain, making a man talk lively; then to the spinal centre, limbering the back; then to the muscular system; and, when it finally gets to the stomach, he vomits. Food goes to the stomach first, then to the blood, then to the heart, and finally through the arteries to the brain.

"The red Peruvian bark stimulates and builds up the nerve cells until they begin to receive nutrition from the blood. The only credit I claim is making this discovery and discovering the location of the disease known as dipsomania. I first discovered it down in Maryland, twelve years ago. I had a case of a drunkard, Bill Stevers, who also had intermittent fever. It was a hard case of fever, and so I tried red Peruvian bark instead of quinine. To my surprise, it not only cured his fever, but he never wanted to drink whiskey afterward. When he went to a saloon, and the boys asked him to drink, Bill said:

"'I can't, boys. That dogon red bark that the doctor gave me not only killed my fever, but it spoiled all the whiskey in Maryland for me.'"

PUNCH'S NOTIONS OF PLUTO.

PLUTO was the monarch of the Shades below. The Shades below, like the Shades above, were wine and spirit vaults; the wine department corresponded to Elysium, while spirits are to be met with everywhere. The spirits, however, were not spirits of wine, but the spirits of individuals; though it is not unreasonable to suppose that in Elysium there was a little grog too. The kingdom of Pluto was divided into two regions, one for gentlemen, the other for blackguards. The whole territory was encompassed by the river Styx, which must have flown with some remarkably good liquor, for we read that the gods used to swear by it. Its waters are said to have been very dark; perhaps, if they were not fit to drink, they may have served for blacking, which might have been sworn by, as men swear by Day and Martin. Over this stream there was a ferry, belonging to one Charon, who would have been the Tom Tug of the nether world if he had been "a jolly young waterman," but he happened to be a surly old one. It was his office to row the dead over to the other side of the stream; but there were two classes of passengers whom he would not take, those who were not buried as well as dead, and those who had no money. What his fare was is not known, nor has what he did with it, beyond putting it in his pocket, which it may be plausibly conjectured that he did, been ascertained. That the old fellow, however, had an "itching palm," is certain. When Æneas went below to pay his repects to his god-sire Anchises, Charon, beholding him approach, gruffly told him to get out, and wait till he was dead, and not come there where he had no business; but on the hero's showing a certain gold branch which he had in his coat pocket, and uttering the simple [illegible] syllable "twig!" the sulky old rascal mollified in a twinkling; grinned, [illegible] his eye, and let him in immediately. [illegible] the unburied and the insolvent, however, who wanted to press after the want [illegible] sternly repulsed with his oar, which he [illegible] about their [illegible] like a merciless Turk.

Passengers were conducted by Charon to the gates of the infernal regions, where the first object that met their sight was a hideous and gigantic bull-dog with three heads, answering to the name of Cerberus, who barked and flew at them, of course, according to the nature of the beast. This elegant and gentle creature had a fillet of vipers round his throat, occupying the place of the pink ribbon with which a lady encircles the neck of her Fidele. When heroes during their lifetime had occasion to visit the Shades, they usually flung him a cake or bone to stop his mouth. Orpheus set him to sleep by playing "Lullaby Bow-wow-wow" to him on his lyre. Hercules dragged him out of his kennel and cuffed him with a strong hand into civility.

A VERY singular case occurred recently in Roxbury. A little boy was seriously ill with diphtheria. He was the owner of a small dog, which had been denied access to the sick room. The dog managed to slip in, and before the attendant could take him, he sprang to the bed and most affectionately caressed the boy, lapping his face and mouth. The little boy began to recover his health, but the dog died with every symptom of diphtheria.

SKATING RINK.—The Skating Rink will be open on Saturday evenings for the season.

Perforated veneer chair bottoms at D. Hays & Bro.

BURR'S GRANT.

Col. Burr's Life and Deeds of General Grant is the only new, original, authentic complete, full and perfect life of the old Hero and Patriot from the cradle to the grave, ever published, with a detailed account of the great funeral, making it just what the people want, and will have, while his "Memoirs" contains very little more than his war record. People know his record. They want now His Complete Life. Those who subscribed for the Memoirs are subscribing for Burr's "Grant." As high as eighteen orders a day have been taken by one man; our Salt Lake City agent, a new man, is running his list into the hundreds; our Sierra Valley agent, in a fair field fight, has distanced the Memoir agent three to one. An agent in San Joaquin county took 38 orders in three school districts by calling on every man two or three times. It has the greatest boom of anything we have handled for years. It surprises us that, with the Memoirs and so many other Lives of Grant in the field, our Burr's Grant is meeting with such unprecedented success. This is wholly because it is the "Life of Grant." No other can fill its place. No true American can afford to be without it. It is not hard hard with the material we give to make people believe this. We have posters, premium portrait to give subscribers, circulars and an advertising scheme to help agents. It has been gotten up since the General's death by Col. Burr, assisted by thirty-six of the grandest men in America, and is profusely illustrated. It was enlarged from 600 to 1,038 pages.

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[o31-tf]

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Rooms from $4 to 15 per month.

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au28-tf M. SCHAFER.

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Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie).

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The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situatedsuppli

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

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DECEMBER 26, 1885.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—Two cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, two eggs, one tablespoonful of molasses, one pint Graham flour. These are certainly very nice.

SPINACH, FRENCH FASHION.—Cook the spinach in the ordinary way, strain it perfectly dry, chop it up very finely; put it into a saucepan with a good piece of butter, enough white sugar to sweeten, and a little cream or milk; stir well on the fire until it boils, and serve as a separate course.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—One and a half pounds of beef to three quarts and a pint of water, one-half cup of rice or barley, season with salt and pepper; put in a pot and boil steady for two hours; then add parsley, one onion, two potatoes, one carrot, and tomato if you have it; if the water boils down you can add more hot water.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Steam the potatoes until tender; make a nice crust, line your pie plate with it, and fill with your potatoes, sliced finely; cover with sugar, season with cinnamon, spice, cloves, etc., as you prefer; fill up with a nice, sweet cream, cover with a crust and bake, wetting the edges of a pie with cold water before joining the top to the bottom, will prevent the juice cooking out.

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Take large, round tomatoes and halve them; place them, the thin skin down, in a frying pan, in which a small quantity of butter has been previously melted; sprinkle them with salt and pepper and dredge them well with flour; place the pan on a hot part of the fire and let them brown thoroughly; then stir them and let them brown again and so on until they are quite done. They lose the raciday and the flavor is superior to stewed tomatoes.

APPLES IN JELLY.—Pare and core small-sized apples without cutting open; then put them, with some lemons, in water to cover, let boil slowly until tender, and take out carefully without breaking. Make a syrup of half a pound of white sugar to one pound of apples, cut lemons in slices, and put them and the apples into syrup; boil very slowly until the apples are clear, take them out in a deep glass dish; put to the syrup one ounce of isinglass dissolved, let it boil up, lay a slice of lemon on each apple, and strain the syrup over them.

STEWED FOWL WITH RICE.—Truss the fowl for boiling, and stew it in about a quart of mutton broth seasoned with a little pepper, salt, and half a blade of mace, for an hour and a half, skimming it often. About half an hour before the fowl is ready to serve add a large cupful of rice, and when tender strain the broth from it, and place the rice on a sieve to dry and swell before the fire, keeping the fowl hot; then place it in the centre of a hot dish, with the rice arranged in rather a high border around it. Serve with parsley and butter sauce in a tureen.

PROPER WAY TO COOK EGGS.—Butter a tin plate and break in your eggs; set in a steamer; place over a kettle of boiling water and steam till the whites are cooked. They are more ornamental when broken into patty tins, as they keep their form better. The whites of the eggs, when cooked in this manner, are tender and light, and not tough and leathery, as if cooked by any other process; they can be eaten by invalids, and they certainly are very much richer than by any other method. If cooked in the shell they taste of the lime contained in them; and if broken into boiling water, it destroys their flavor.

ABOUT a year ago an exchange contained a recipe for keeping eggs a long time. It was simply to pack them in a cool place, small end down in kegs or boxes filled with finely powdered dried earth, or common road dust, or sifted coal ashes. These settled between the eggs, kept them from access to the air, and prevented evaporation of the white or spoiling the yolk. The experiment was tried last summer. On taking the eggs out of the packing eight months after they were as fresh and clear looking as if just laid. On testing them for the table, they could not be told from fresh ones. When they were put down eggs sold for 6 cents a dozen. When they were taken out they were worth 18 cents, or an advance of 200 per cent. This ought to pay.

TO PRESERVE GREEN TOMATOES.—Take two fresh lemons to every three pounds small green tomatoes; pare the rinds very thin, so as not to get any of the white part, and squeeze out the juice; first boil the tomatoes gently, until they begin to get tender, in sufficient water to cover them well, then add the lemon, a few peach leaves and powdered ginger tied in thin muslin bags; boil together until the tomatoes are tender: take them carefully out, strain the liquor and put to it 1½ pounds white sugar for each pound of tomatoes; put the tomatoes into the syrup, and boil gently until they appear to be done. In the course of a week pour the syrup from the tomatoes, heat it scalding hot, and pour it over them. They resemble West India sweet-meats.

ORANGE JELLY.—Put the rind of two deep-colored oranges, the peel of two lemons, two ounces of isinglass, and a large lump of sugar into a quart of water; let them boil until the isinglass is well dissolved, then strain them through a silk sieve, and add the juice of ten oranges and two lemons; when mixed, strain through a napkin, put it in moulds, and set them in ice, or in a cold place. Oranges may also be iced in quarters and look very well. Cut a hole about the size of a shilling with a sharp knife in the top of the orange, take out the pulp without breaking the peel and use the juice for the jelly; put the peel in water to make them firm, then drain them, fill them with jelly, and set them in some ice; when you send them to table, cut them in quarters. They make a pretty dish, or look well in a basket.

PLUM-CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—A pound of flour, half pound of currants, half pound of sultana raisins, a breakfast-cupful of soft sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a large teaspoonful of egg powder, one ounce of candied peel cut thin, quarter pound of butter, a tumblerful of buttermilk (sour milk will do), one large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Melt the butter in a good-sized saucepan, mix the egg powder and the spice well into the dry flour, and add the fruit and sugar; put the soda into a teacup, and, when the butter is melted, put the tumbler of buttermilk into it, fill up the teacup with boiling water, and quickly add it to the butter and buttermilk. Stir for a minute off the fire; when it will effervesce in the pan, and at once pour it upon the flour, and so forth, in the basin. Mix well, and without delay pour it into a mould lined with buttered paper, and bake for an hour and a half, or rather longer. The mixture should be of the consistency of a milky bread-pudding. Do not fill the mould, as the cake rises considerable. A large cake (double the above quantities), if properly mixed and baked, will keep moist and good for a fortnight.

A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

In the autumn of 1852, after having traversed a great part of the Western territory, I found myself in the pleasant and healthy little village of Fayetteville, in the north-western part of Arkansas. Here, in consequence of the large quantity of game with which the neighborhood abounded, I determined to devote a few weeks to recruiting my strength, which, owing to the laborious manner in which I had traveled, had become very much exhausted, and also to enjoy the pleasure of my favorite amusement—hunting.

Upon one of my hunting excursions I had been singularly unsuccessful—not having had a shot during the whole day, and, as might be supposed, felt in a not very joyous mood; for upon all previous occasions I had met with great success. This ill luck caused me to remain in the forest much longer than I had anticipated; and when I first began to think of returning, I found that it was already beginning to get dark, and I had quite a distance to travel through the forest before reaching the village. Weary in body and harassed in mind, in consequence of my want of success, I slowly retraced my steps. Soon the dark mantle of night was spread upon the forest, and I, as yet, perceived no signs of the opening. I hastened my steps, thinking, if possible, to reach the clearing ere it became too dark for the travel. Faster and faster I walked, until I found myself going at a brisk trot, although at every step my clothes were torn by the brush, and my flesh considerably lacerated. Soon, however, I was compelled to slacken my pace, as it had become so dark that I was unable to distinguish the trees, and rather reluctantly came to the conclusion that I would have to take up my quarters for the night where I was.

As my mind was thus employed, trying to arrange some plan for my night's accommodation, I was startled by a piercing shriek, as of some person in distress. I stopped suddenly, and endeavored to peer into the darkness for an explanation. Again I heard the sound, although apparently at not so great a distance from me as the first. I stood then irresolutely. Were it a human being, it would be my duty to render any assistance that might be in my power, and——. At this point of my meditations, I perceived through the underbrush, a short distance from me, two objects close together, resembling small balls of fire.

I had now divined the cause of the noise I had heard. It proceeded from a wild animal, and that animal was now watching me with its fire-like orbs! I hastily raised my rifle, and fired; but as the object was some distance from me, and not being able to draw a sight, I must have missed it, for no sooner had I pulled the trigger than, with two or three bounds, it was before me. I now discovered, from its close proximity, that it was a panther—that much dreaded and savage animal, which old hunters, even when well equiped, are loth to meet. I drew my hunting-knife, not having time to reload my rifle, and waited for the fatal spring; but to my surprise, the panther crouched down about twelve feet from me, and gazed into my eyes in a manner not suited to lessen my excitement. Steadily I watched it, expecting every moment to be torn in pieces by the ferocious animal, although I was determined to defend my life to the last extremity. Once I endeavored to reload my rifle, but the moment I commenced to move, the panther rose, as if about to spring upon me. I determined, therefore, to keep myself in readiness for the attack, for I perceived, from the movements of my enemy, that should I attempt to move, it would be upon me in an instant. There we were, in the midst of a dense forest, eyeing each other with a bitter enmity.

Thus was I kept in suspense for a long time—I know not how long, for each minute seemed an hour, until the panther probably, becoming hungry, slowly advanced toward me. When within about six feet of me, it again stopped, and prepared for the spring. I retained my composure manfully, for although I had been much excited on the first appearance of the animal, the length of time that had intervened, and the hopelessness of my case, had given me new strength, and I determined that if I must die, it would be bravely defending my life.

Suddenly the panther gave a spring. This I had anticipated, and planted myself as firmly as possible, holding my knife in such a manner that the animal would jump upon it. The shock knocked me down; but I knew that I had buried my knife in the animal's body, for the warm blood that fell upon me, convinced me of the fact. I had not killed the panther, however; for, before I could regain my feet, it was upon me; and as I had lost my knife immediately upon the first attack, I was almost powerless, having nothing to defend myself with, but what Nature had bequeathed to me. It again jumped upon me, and we rolled over and over upon the earth. I clasped it with all my power around the body, and from the tightness with which I held it, it was unable to do me much injury. I felt, with pleasure too, that its strength was decreasing, and concluded that the knife must have entered a vital part. I held firmly, knowing that should I relax my efforts, death would be the inevitable result. Every moment I felt the strength of the panther diminish until finally it ceased its hold altogether. I knew now that my enemy was dead, in consequence of the wound it had received in the first attack; and, after I became convinced the fact that its life was extinct, I took to examine my own injuries, which, though not severe, were numerous—I found that my breast had been torn considerably in the first attack. I bound up my wounds with my handkerchief, as well as circumstances would permit, and then, much exhausted, lay down near my now defunct enemy, to rest.

I lay there upon the earth for some time, and must have slept; for, when I again remember, the first gray streaks of morning were beginning to break through the tall trees. I now, for the first time, had a clear view of the object of my night's combat. It was an immense panther; and, as I gazed upon it, I shuddered at what would have been the result, had I not been so fortunate as to disable it on the first attack. I now skinned the animal, and hastily returned to the village, when, on measurement, it proved to be ten feet and a half from tip to tip.

ALPINE PASSES.—I have spoken of several passes in detail, and refer to them now merely to state that there are fifty in Switzerland alone. Those roads constructed for carriages are not allowed to rise more than a certain number of feet to a mile. Distance seems not to have entered into the calculations of the engineers who built those monuments of human skill—carriage roads over the Alps. They were after a certain grade, and they obtained it, though by contortions and serpentine windings that seemed almost endless. The one Simplon averages nowhere more than one inch elevation to a foot, and indeed not quite that. Thirty thousand men were employed on this road six years. There are 611 bridges in less than forty miles, ten galleries, and twenty houses of refuge, while the average width of the road is over twenty-five feet. The cost of the whole was about $1,000,000. The Spiugen presents almost as striking features as the Simplon. From these facts some ideas may be gathered of the stupendous work it must be to carry a carriage road over the Alps.

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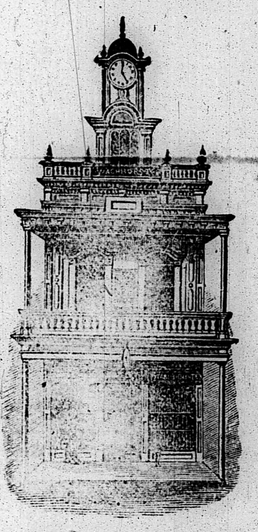

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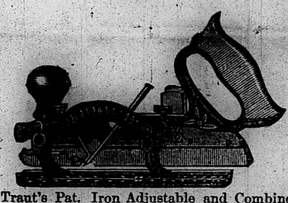

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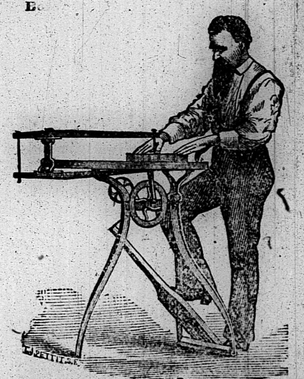

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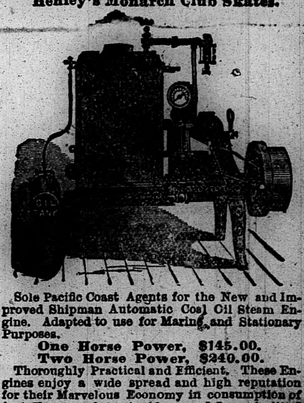

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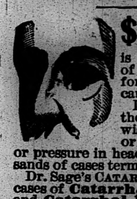

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